YANKEE COLONY IN BERLIN

Germany Taking a Deeper Interest in America, Especially the United States.

By RUDOLPH DE ZAPP.

American influence in every shape or form is making such vast strides in Germany, and is occupying such a dominant position in the realm of the Kaiser, that it has practically displaced that of any other country. All news concerning Americans or the United States has the right of way in the prominent daily newspapers of Germany, and is being printed on the front page in bold type. The great universities and other institutions of learning, in order to accommodate the ever-increasing number of American students, have been compelled to make special concessions in the way of using the English language in the class rooms, matriculation, and other lines. Shopkeepers in the principal German cities are learning the English language in order to wait more satisfactorily on their customers from Uncle Sam's land, and hotels are installing all sorts of American improvements and contrivances, adding to the comfort of their trans-Atlantic guests.

The result of this German pro-American propaganda has aroused a corresponding American interest for people and things German, and the one person who has brought about these friendly relations and lively interest is Emperor William, who was most ably seconded in his efforts by President Theodore Roosevelt, each of whom entertains the highest regard for the other. A cable of recent date said that Mr. Roosevelt will arrive in Berlin on April 24, and will remain three days in Germany. He will deliver a lecture in German at the great University of Berlin, and Emperor William, the Empress, the crown prince, the crown princess, and all the princes of the royal house, the chancellor of the empire, and all prominent government officials and diplomatic representatives of foreign countries stationed at the Kaiser's capital will be present to hear the celebrated American. His headquarters while in Berlin will be at the Adlon, and every arrangement has been made by Lorenz Adlon, the proprietor, and Louis Adlon, his son, to insure every comfort to their distinguished guest.

The Adlon is Berlin's most magnificent hostelry, and is located in Unter den Linden, Berlin's most historic and beautiful thoroughfare. It is almost exclusively patronized by wealthy Americans and serves as the headquarters of Uncle Sam's diplomatic agents and emissaries. It used to be the home of the American Embassy before Ambassador Hill moved into his present quarters.

* * * *

Dr. David Jayne Hill, the American Ambassador to Germany, at his last visit here, in speaking of Germans and Berlin, said that he was glad to say that the relations between Germany and the American government were of the most cordial and friendly character. So far as he was concerned, he said, he could not be treated any better than he was by German officials and the German people generally. "Berlin is a delightful city in which to live," said Dr. Hill, "and there are a great many Americans who spent a pleasant season there during the year. The German capital is coming to be better known by traveling Americans, and they find a great deal there to entertain and instruct them."

A "special correspondence" from Berlin of recent date says that Berlin is filled up with the ambitious sons and daughters of Uncle Sam, who are coming to favor the Kaiser's capital in an increasing degree as a place of study for music, medicine, and other professional specialties. Registrations at the leading conservatories, private studios, and the universities indicate that the Yankee student contingent this winter is the largest on record, being about 5,000. As these budding prima donnas, Carusos, Paderewskis, and bonesetters spent on an average for tuition and living $100 a month, and stay usually six months, the $3,000,000 which they are circulating in Berlin this season up to April represents an economic factor of no mean importance. Reckoning on a proportionate expenditure at Dresden, Munich, Heidelberg, Gottingen, and other German intellectual centers, with special attractions of their own, one is hardly exaggerating in estimating the intrinsic worth of the American student fraternity to Germany at not less than $5,000,000 a year.

It is notorious that scores of the most eminent instrumental and vocal pedagogues in Germany would be deprived of a livelihood if it were not for trans-Atlantic pupils, while the number of "pensions" which exist exclusively on American patronage is legion. American students are popular in Germany, especially the girls. They are welcomed with open arms in German families and German society, who like the brightness, animation, and optimistic enthusiasm which they never fail to radiate.

* * * *

Bohemianism in Berlin is a feature of the life there which proves most seductive to the average American student. The Latin quarter of Paris is more or less tame by comparison. Institutions like the American Woman's Club, which aims to "mother" unchaperoned Yankee girls, are sometimes hard put to it to supply counter attractions. Dances with swagger German lieutenants as partners are the most successful competitive entertainments. To keep hundreds of medical men in Berlin for special work from the lures of Friedrichstrasse, Berlin's great white way, they maintain an active professional organization, which meets Saturday nights to hear lectures from the most eminent leaders of German medical science.

The Berlin Yankee colony is exceedingly clannish, and few families have ever a peep into German home or society life. Americans are inveterate patrons of concerts in Berlin, especially when one of their compatriots is the star. Germans are uncomfortable in the midst of such audiences, as they accuse Americans of applauding and cheering their fellow-countrymen on to triumph whether they deserve it or not. The Teuton concert-goer is more discriminating, as many a budding artist from our side finds out in the course of a Berlin music season.

Another case of American occupation of Germany was reported from Berlin not long ago, and the report ran as follows: There was a real commotion in the lobby of the fashionable Adlon Unter den Linden one night recently, when a guest arrived, who spoke German, and actually proved to be one of the Kaiser's subjects from the Rhine country. Through force of habit the genial reception clerk, in his purest Boston accent, in vogue at the Adlon as an added reminder of home for American guests, addressed the stranger in that vernacular. The intruder asked if there was anybody in the hotel who could talk a little German, as, he was ashamed to admit, that was the only language of which he had any knowledge. There was some hesitation about giving him a room, but as he proved to be a well-known lawyer with numerous titles and an old acquaintance of the proprietor and his son, Lorenz and Louis Adlon, he was permitted to stay. This story has the merit of being literally true. It also illustrates graphically the completeness with which the Yankee tourist has taken possession of "Kaiserville." Hardly any other language but Americanese is now spoken in a single first-class hotel establishment in Berlin. Germans seem to be effectually scared off as far as Berlin hotels are concerned. One occasionally meets them Under den Linden or in the Leipziger Strasse, but they are hopelessly in the minority alongside the tailor-made, broad-hatted women and the finely groomed and well-dressed men, whose make-ups betray their nationality unmistakably.

That the Berlin business world is fully alive to the substantial advantages to be derived from the annually increasing influx of Americans is shown by the skillful efforts being made to encourage it. New information bureaus for travelers line Unter den Linden, and their is a multitude of shops where English is spoken for the especial benefit of Americans. Fashionable Berlin shops are taking advantage of what they evidently consider an important opportunity by dressing their show windows in the American style, and by carrying goods evidently intended to appeal to American tastes.

No step that is necessary to help the visiting American to spend his time and money more easily is being neglected. One of the Berlin newspapers published a significant article recently explaining the nature of travelers' checks issued by the American Bankers' Association and other organizations in the United States, and adds, no doubt with authority: "It is the wish of the entire banking community that merchants, shopkeepers, and all others coming in contact with tourists accept these checks without hesitation."

* * * *

An American woman has done something, which, it seems fair to say, no woman of any other nationality could have accomplished without arousing the Emperor's ire. She delayed his majesty's dinner. Prof. John W. Burgess, of Columbia University, New York, and Mrs. Burgess, who dined with the Kaiser shortly before Christmas in the new palace at Potsdam, kept the Emperor waiting half an hour for dinner. Prof. and Mrs. Burgess were in the hall of the Hotel Adlon at 6:45, when a telephone call came from Potsdam commanding them to come to the castle for dinner at once. They were ordered to take the 7 o'clock train. Prof. Burgess explained that it was impossible for his wife and himself to catch the 7 o'clock train, but they could get the train half an hour later. After a short pause the reply came: "All right." The Burgesses hastily dressed and just caught the train, but were so hurried that Mrs. Burgess had to do up her hair on the train.

American chivalry has come in for some unwonted plaudits in the Berlin newspapers last week. Only in proxy, however, for the bouquets have been thrown not as the result of any actual acts of Yankee gallantry, but by way of pointing a moral to the less knightly men of the Kaiser's capital. It appears that a fashionably dressed and apparently high-class married couple carried their matrimonial differences into the public streets and edified a crowd of Christmas shoppers near the Brandenburg Gate with a regular rough-and-tumble squabble. The husband seemed bent on taking his wife home, seriously against her will, and saw fit literally to drag her along the sidewalk, across the curb, through slush and mud, and finally to throw her bodily into an automobile cab.

Meantime the gaping throng of men and youths and one policeman stood silently by. There was one cavalier among them—a German—who, on essaying to come to the lady's rescue, was grabbed by the policeman and forcibly given to understand that the little affair was not the business of innocent bystanders.

The gentleman in question wrote as follows to the newspapers: "The men who allowed this degrading spectacle to take place without interference on their part ought to hide their faces in shame for all time to come. In any other civilized country of the world, especially the United States, such a happening would have been unthinkable. An American gentleman would have risked anything—even hanging to a lamp post—to defend a woman in such circumstances. In the Englishman, Frenchman, Japanese, Spaniard, even in the Turk, gallantry toward women is an inborn virtue. The American carries it almost to a point of frenzied eccentricity. And the German? Tacitus wrote of the Teutons of the Roman era that they guarded their womanfolk as the apples of their eyes. Why has this olden German virtue completely vanished?"

* * * *

Another strong factor which will still closer unite in friendship the United States and Germany is the American Exposition which is to be held in Berlin from May to July of this year. This will be an exclusively American affair, and it is expected that most of the prominent business establishments of this country will be represented. Prince Henry of Prussia, brother of the Emperor, is the patron of the exposition, which has the full sanction and support of the Emperor himself. Among the members of the special committee are Grand Duke Adolph Frederick of Mecklenburg, brother of the Prince of Holland; Count Adalbert von Francken Sierstorpff, Prince Hatzfeldt, Duke of Tracchenberg, Prince Henckel Donnersmarck, Wilhelm von Siemens, Count Franz Hubert P. Thiele-Winckler, Baron R. von Brandenstein, Gouverneur von Bennigsen, and other prominent German financiers, business men, and statesmen. The American committee includes such men as J. Pierpont Morgan, honorary president; David R. Francis, John Wanamaker, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, W. G. McAdoo, Herman A. Metz, George W. Perkins, Herman Ridder, Melville Stone, Dr. W. P. Wilson, Harold McCormick, John Jacob Astor, Charles H. Boynton, Louis C. Tiffany, Charlemagne Tower, and others.

MORE TURBINE STEAMERS.

Their Number Has Advanced from One to Sixty-four in Seven Years.

From the New York Sun.

"No turbine steamer has been towed into port and no sailing schedule has been upset by failure thus far."

This tribute to turbines was given at the recent meeting of mechanical engineers at Liverpool. There are now sixty-four turbine steamers in the merchant service of 603,200 horsepower; this is up to December, 1908. In 1901 there was but one such steamer of 3,500 horsepower.

In discussing the advance in marine engineering the speakers declared that "very little is known about propellers. The improved results with the great Cunarders, which at first were in a sense failures in regard to required speed, have been got by varying the propellers. This reminds one of the steamships Iris and Mercury in 1878, when huge improvements were made by changing the propellers.

"Boilers have not changed much except that they are built of larger plates with fewer rivets. The largest plate rolled measures 42 feet by 9 feet 6 inches by 1½ inches thick. It weighs nearly eleven tons, and is in the boiler of a Liverpool tugboat, the Knight Errant.

"The lower pressure possible with turbines has meant a saving of 120 tons in boilers alone in the great Cunarders, as compared with what would have been required for reciprocating work.

"Marine work is backward in the moving and firing of coal. Liquid fuel, of course, gets over all such difficulties, and suggests that if coal could be bunkered in the form of fine dust and burned in that form it might be possible to arrange some mechanical means of conveying it to the furnace.

"Liquid fuel is practically equal to double its weight in coal, yet occupies less space. There are no dirty fires with liquid fuel; a ship is better kept to speed. Fewer hands are needed, fuel can be carried in the double bottom, and the ship trimmed by sea water as the fuel is burned, and fuel can always be used so as to avoid a list. Bunkering is then a mere matter of pumping—a feature which travelers on long voyages would appreciate.

"East of Suez liquid fuel is cheaper than coal. With liquid fuel applied to the Lusitania there would be twenty-seven firemen instead of 312, room for 200 more passengers, and 5,000 tons of cargo, so that it should be worth £7,000 a voyage."

FAMOUS SONGS AND THEIR HISTORY

No. 28.

"THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME."

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

The dames of France are fond and free, and Flemish lips are willing,
And soft the maids of Italy, and Spanish eyes are thrilling;
Still though I bask beneath their smiles, their charms fail to bind me,
And my heart falls back to Erin's Isle, to the girl I left behind me.

For she's so fair as Shannon's side and purer than its water,
But she refused to be my bride, though many a year I sought her;
Yet, since to France I sailed away, her letters oft remind me,
That I promised never to gainsay, the girl I left behind me.

She says: "My own dear love, come home, my friends are rich and many,
Or else abroad with you I'll roam, a soldier stout as any;
If you'll not come or let me go, I'll think you have resigned me."
My heart nigh broke, when I answered "No," to the girl I left behind me.

For never shall my true love brave a life of war and toiling,
And never as a skulking slave, I'll tread my native soil on;
But were it free or to be freed, the battle's close would find me,
To Ireland bound, nor message need, from the girl I left behind me.

The author of the words of "The Girl I Left Behind Me" has never been identified, nor has it ever been possible to ascertain who wrote the music. Both were undoubtedly written in the early part of the eighteenth century, perhaps the music even before that period.

According to a printed statement of a man who has fully investigated the subject, "The Girl I Left Behind Me" was the song that was generally used by the British army and navy men about 1750, upon their departure from home. As regiment after regiment would march away the bands would play the popular Irish air, and the same is true when the sailor boys would board their vessels for a foreign cruise.

It is related that about the middle of the eighteenth century, in one of the regiments then quartered in the south of England, there was an Irish bandmaster. This bandmaster was young, handsome, and would fall in love with every pretty face he would meet in a very few minutes, and this affection was usually reciprocated. It is said that this habit never inconvenienced him very much, for he was able to fall out just as quickly as he would fall in, and so acquired a new sweetheart in every town that his band visited.

Whenever the troops were taking their departure from a town at which they had been stationed, he would order the band to play, "The Girl I Left Behind Me." The story of his elastic heart soon spread through the army, and other bandmasters, at the request of officers and soldiers, began to use the melody as a parting tune, and by the end of the century it was accounted the proper thing to the ladies for the regiment to pay their respects in parting with "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

Samuel Lover, the popular Irish poet and song writer, early in the nineteenth century, wrote a new set of verses to this tune, which were used quite as frequently as the earlier verses by the soldiers and sailors. They were as follows:

The hour was sad, I left the maid,
A lingering farewell taking;
Her sighs and tears my steps delayed,
I thought her heart was breaking;
In hurried words her name I blest,
I breathed the vows that bind me,
And to my breast in anguish pressed,
The girl I left behind me.

Then to the east we bore away,
To win a name in story,
And there, where dawns the sun of day,
There dawned our sun of glory;
Both blazed in noon on Alma's height,
Where in the post assigned me,
I shared the glory of that fight,
Sweet girl I left behind me.

Full many a name our banners bore,
Of former deeds of daring,
But they were of the days of yore,
In which we had no sharing;
But now, our laurels, freshly won,
With the old ones shall entwined be,
Still worthy of our sires each son,
Sweet girl I left behind me.

The hope of final victory,
Within my bosom burning,
Is mingling with sweet thoughts of thee,
And of my fond returning.
But should I ne'er return again,
Still worth thy love thou'lt find me,
Dishonor's breath shall never stain
The name I'll leave behind me.

To William Chappell, a music publisher, we are indebted for much of the early history of the Irish air. Mr. Chappell was an antiquarian and spent considerable time and money investigating music of this class. Another authority as to the early history of the music is Arthur O'Neill, the celebrated Irish harpist, who claims that the tune was taught him when he was little more than a child (O'Neill was born in 1730) by a man who had it from a previous harper. Mr. Baring-Gould, noting that the air was "appropriated" by Mooro for one of his "Irish Melodies," says, "there is no evidence that it is other than English in origin."

The Irish, the searchers say, would as soon think of giving up the tune of "The Girl I Left Behind Me," as of giving up the song of the "Boyne Water." Ireland seems to have been an unfortunate sufferer in this respect, for not alone is England charged with appropriating her music, but she accuses Scotland of stealing her airs from time immemorial.

Mr. Chappell, already mentioned, claims that the original words were written in 1759. That was a memorable year, and many who fought for their country had to leave their "girls" behind them. The French threatened an invasion, and made preparations in Havre, Toulon, and other ports; but in July Rodney bombarded Havre and did much damage to the town, destroying many of the flat-bottomed boats built as transports for troops. Admiral Boscawen also dispersed the Toulon fleet off Lagos. Another fleet under Hawke gained a signal victory near Quiberon over a French fleet in November. What circumstances more fitting than these can be imagined as connected with the birth of "The Girl I Left Behind Me?" This is the argument produced by Chappell.

One antiquarian says that he had a manuscript copy of "The Girl I Left Behind Me" which contained the date 1770. But another antiquarian says the song was known among the Irish minstrels long before that, and was popular even as a street song in Dublin in the early part of the eighteenth century. Thus, summing up the various statements, it is evident that nobody knows who wrote either the words or the music, nor when they were written. The English and Irish versions differ considerably, but both of them are full of the sentiment that would reach home to the heart of either the soldier or the sailor boy.

CITATIONS FROM UNCLE SY

The North Pole

By DENNIS MAY

Why Silas Sowers ever should have been called "Uncle" nobody could satisfactorily explain, for he had no relatives that any one ever heard of. Neither was it known whence he had drifted, in the early '50's, to the sleepy little Virginia village of Middleville. He was young then, and vigorous, and spent no money except for chewing tobacco (he raised his smoking tobacco himself) and for a gallon of whisky for the Fourth of July and another for Christmas. Thus, by industry and economy, he had accumulated enough to buy a little farm, whereon he constructed a one-story frame dwelling of two rooms, of which he said that one was his bedroom and 'the other wasn't. In fact, the other is used for nearly all the purposes to which a room could be put, as parlor, sitting-room, drawing-room, kitchen, pantry, store room, cellar, meat house, and dairy. Once he went so far as to refer to it as his guest chamber.

Here he has lived the simple life in its simplest form, doing his own plowing with his old gray mule, harvesting his little crops of corn and potatoes, keeping his garden, milking his brindle cow, making his butter, feeding his three or four squealing pigs, and giving close attention to his cackling fowls, of almost every known breed and color, from the impudent little bantams to the stately leghorns and Cochin Chinas with feather dusters on their feet. Moreover, he did his own cooking, washing, and ironing, but, as he has not been extravagant either in food or clean clothing, his duties as chef and laundryman have not been onerous. So he has lived a lonely bachelor existence until his figure has been stooped with age and toil and his bushy hair and beard have been grizzled, but his clear blue eyes still look brightly from beneath shaggy brows, and he steps along in his heavy boots, winter and summer, with something of youthful vigor.

Though his voice is shrill and his manner gruff, he has a friendly air until he engages in any kind of controversy, and then he bears down upon his adversary with all the ruthlessness of a pirate bent upon a capture.

* * * *

The village blacksmith, Bud Sampson, of about his own age, is his particular chum. Bud is stout, clean shaven, florid, and bald, making a strong contrast to Uncle Sy's gray gauntness. They have been almost inseparable for forty years and have a strong mutual affection. Uncle Sy spends most of his leisure at Bud's shop, and Bud is frequently a guest at Uncle Sy's farmhouse. Yet they are continually arguing about everything under the sun—politics, law, science, religion, and social questions without number. Both close readers of the daily papers, the Bible, the almanacs, and a few old histories, and the text books from which they had gleaned the rudimentary knowledge of their school days. With weapons drawn from this armory, they assault each other almost every day. As Uncle Sy's shrill voice and Bud's rough bass are raised upon the opposite sides of these questions, a stranger would suppose that the argument could end no otherwise than in murder, or, at the very least, in an assault with intent to kill. But those who are familiar with their wordy wars know that, though these fierce conflicts have been waging for forty years, no blow has been struck nor even an hour's estrangement resulted. Having recently returned to Middleville, after some years' absence as a newspaper reporter in several cities of the West, and being advised by my physician to take several months' rest on my father's farm in the neighborhood, I find no more entertaining way of employing my leisure time than loafing around where I can listen to Uncle Sy and Bud Sampson discourse upon the topics of the day and with a little practice I have acquired a facility for writing down these discourses with almost literal precision. Uncle Sy always does most of the talking—and some times all of it—Bud contenting himself with a mild dissent or with grumbling, growling, or thundering out a few terse objections.

* * * *

Bud recognizes that Uncle Sy is his superior in point of volubility and sustained effort, but he prides himself upon the fact that he can condense more argument into a sentence than Uncle Sy could utter in an hour's talk. "I always noticed," he said, "that a rifle carries a heap sight further than a scatteration shotgun and the thunder rolls around a long time, while the lightning does the real work in a jiffy. Uncle Sy talks an hour for every minute he thinks, but I wad my thoughts up into a chunk and then knock him gally west with it."

Uncle Sy says Bud has to hammer on an idea in his mind for about half a day before he can hit off a spark while, as for himself, he just naturally showers sparks all the time like a house afire. Of the acuracy of these modes estimates the reader must judge for himself. My own office is merely that of a faithful reporter.

Naturally, the burning topic at Middleville during the past few months has been the north pole. Uncle Sy maintained from the first that neither Cook nor Peary had discovered it, while Bud was inclined to believe that one or both of the explorers had reached the goal.

* * * *

Uncle Sy has a boundless scorn for Bud's credulity. "Bud, you'se a dad blasted fool. Do you 'spose the north pole sticks up outen the ground like the Washington Monument, with a 'lectric light in it, so as any idiot can go up to it and say 'thar's the 'riginal big stick?' No, sir; it's nothin' but a pint, and a pint is so near nothin' that you couldn't find it with a microscope. You can't see a pint, you can't hear it nor smell it; all you can do is to get thar. Now, these here chaps, Cook and Peary, they couldn't find the exact middle pint of my ten-acre lot in two years, and if they found it they couldn't never convince one another that they had found it. Now, then, how long you 'spose it would take 'em to find the center spot of this here county? How many hundred years would it take 'em to find the center pint of the State of Virginia? Yet you ain't got no more sense than to 'spose they can find the center spot of the whole world betwixt breakfast and dinner time. You're green as grass. I guess if a fellow was to come along with a piece of sweitzer cheese and swear it was a chunk of the moon you'd believe him."

Bud reflected upon these compliments for a moment and said: "I don't see no use in no one gittin' so hot about the north pole."

"I ain't caring nothin' 'bout the north pole, nor any other pole, only I hate to see you gittin' so soft in the head. Pretty soon it'll be too mushy to hold your hat on straight. Say, you know them two fellows couldn't er gone way up there in that that ocean o' ice, all hungry and tired and skeered, and picked out the axle of this great big earth inside o' six months. And how long was they there? Just long enough to have their picture took, and give three cheers for themselves, and then they runned away from what they say was the pole like there was a smallpox sign on it."

Bud said he guessed they had to hurry home to keep lecture dates. But Uncle Sy was not to be sidetracked.

"I wouldn't set and listen to such a pack o' granny tales. I read about them there lectures in the papers. They ain't learned me nuthin' I didn't know before. Dad, burn it! Don't I know it's cold up there a thousand miles northwest o' Greenland's icy mountains? Ain't it hard to travel over ice and snow? I found that out in 1899. I seen some of Peary's pictures in a magazine yesterday. Some of the same ones was in a magazine last year. That there picture of a lot of muffled yaps throwing up their hats around a pile o' ice with a flag on it don't prove nothin' to me. I can go down in Jim Smith's ice pond next time we have a big snow and have a picture took just like it—if I can git a passel o' niggers to throw up their hats. Says Peary: 'I put up the great American Stars and Stripes on the north pole. If you don't believe me, I can show you the flag.' Says Cook: 'I buried my flag at the southwest corner of the pole. If you don't believe me, go up there and see.' Humph! Nobody outen the 'sylum can believe that rot but you and a few other batter-brained folks—and I'm feared you ain't out for long."

"Well, when I go in I guess I'll hear you hollerin' out through the bars that you discovered the north pole yerself."

"I mought do that," said Uncle Sy, "but I'd never be crazy enough to believe that nobody else discovered it. Why, everybody's gone crazy about this foolery about the pole—women, children, niggers, idiots, and all."

"Which class is you in?"

* * * *

Uncle Sy ignored this question and turned his attention to Dr. Cook.

"What did he run away and hide for? Wasn't there fools enough in this country ready to pay a dollar apiece to hear his fairy tales and papers enough to print his gush about the pink and blue polar sea? Them fellers who swore they helped him fix up his stuff was as big rascals as him. If they'd help him to lie, wouldn't they lie on their own hook? They oughter said they'd fixed up his stuff before he started out; that would have been more likely."

"Say, Uncle Sy, ain't you never met nobody but fools and liars in your time?"

"Yes, but not generally in this here shop. Bud, don't you know by believin' these yarns you're encouraging liars all over the country?"

Bud replied: "Judgin' by the way you talk, I don't think they need no encouragement."

* * * *

Again Uncle Sy regarded Bud with silent scorn, and turned his batteries upon Peary.

"He's a pretty sailor, I say, spendin' all his life trottin' over the snow with a passel o' dogs, like a nigger huntin' rabbits. 'Spose he did find the pole; it ain't no good to nobody, as I can see. I wouldn't give my ten-acre lot for 1,000,000 acres o' ice 5,000 miles from market where I couldn't raise nothin' but a row."

"You can raise a row on anything or nothin,'" said Bud with a chuckle. "And for that lot o' yourn, I guess you wouldn't give it for nothin', 'cause nobody wouldn't have it for nothin'."

At this inspiration upon his precious farm, Uncle Sy left the shop in disgust too deep for words, but Bud called after him: "I wish you'd take that gol darned old north pole to the devil with you when you go. You'll need it."

Conservatism as a Principle.

Gifford Pinchot, in January Southern Workman.

Conservation is a principle which you can apply to almost anything you can name. There are a great many definitions for it. We might say it is the application of common sense to common problems for the common good. It means that all the people together have a right to protect themselves against evil, to look ahead, and provide themselves with good. It means that the people have the right and power to take care of themselves. Finally, make the very best use of what you have. That is the rule that governs and controls the success of every man.

Light Airs.

From the Pele Mele.

The Mayor—Just think, admiral, I've married twenty people in two hours.

Admiral—Well, that's only ten knots an hour.

MORNING CHIT-CHAT.

ARE you well groomed?

In the street car yesterday I saw a young girl who caught and held my attention by her attractive appearance.

And yet she did not have a particularly pretty face nor an unusually good figure. Her attraction was simply the fact that she was perfectly groomed.

If you have a distinctly plain face you can scarcely make it so pretty that people will pause to admire it.

If you are built on basically ugly lines it is almost impossible to correct them so that people will turn to admire your splendid figure.

But no matter what outfit you start with you can make people enjoy looking at you because you are so well groomed if you put time enough on it.

Of course that "if" is a mighty important one.

For Rome could be built in a day quite as easily as any woman could become well groomed in a short space of time.

A slatternly woman cannot say, "I will see that all my clothes are very neat and spruce looking and I will put them on very carefully," and thereupon become well groomed.

Some people fancy that neat, attractive clothes carefully put on are all that is necessary to make a woman well groomed, but they are vastly mistaken. These are merely the finishing touches instead of the whole thing.

Quite as much as genius, good grooming is the result of "an infinite capacity for taking pains."

An appearance such as that of the young girl who attracted my gaze means minute attention to details and years of such attention.

For instance, it means frequent baths and unremitting care of the nails and facial massage when the complexion needs it, and carefully fitted underwear and something more than a cursory daily attention to the hair.

And then of course it means infinite care and patience in putting on one's clothes.

No woman who is always in a hurry, who gets up three-quarters of an hour or an hour before she is due at her train, can possibly be well groomed.

The half dozen women in my acquaintance whom I would select as deserving honorable mention in this direction say that they spend an hour to an hour and a half in making their morning toilets, including in that time, of course, the morning plunge or shower.

And then to be well groomed one must have taste and appreciate the value of simplicity.

No matter how well she may conform to the other requirements one would hardly pick out the girl who wears a feather boa and a gold chain and a huge lace jabot and a few fancy pins trailing down the front of her shirt waist as a well groomed woman.

It seems to me that it is a valuable asset, both in a business and social way, to be known as a well-groomed woman, but if you do not think it is an asset worth spending time and energy and thought to possess, let me advise you at once not to strive for it, for you will certainly never attain it.

RUTH CAMERON.

SPECULATING ON MARGIN.

From Moody's Magazine.

In America a speculator's capital (with an exception to be noted below) is necessarily at least the size of his margin in his broker's hands, though it is to be feared that in only too many instances it is just this and nothing more.

On the London Stock Exchange another method prevails which, it is probable, has done more in the long ago past to give stock speculation its bad name than all the episodes of an unsavory nature which have ever occurred on American exchanges. In London after the inevitable introduction to a broker, the new customer gives his order, but makes no deposit at all.

The broker is supposed to learn something of his new client's means and how far he should be allowed to commit himself. Twice a month the English have what they call their settlement days. A customer long of a stock whose commitment has gone somewhat against him is then required to pay the differences as they are called, between his purchase price and the current quotation.

He must also pay a charge called a contango for holding the settlement over into the next fortnightly period, if he does not wish to close the commitment. As a consequence of this way of doing business a speculator may be trading on a few points margin in reality, or in fact on no margin at all—he may be utterly penniless without his broker knowing it.

That this method works out with fewer losses in England than it would do here is due to the fact that the social and economic strata to which an Englishman belongs are much easier to determine than the corresponding facts among us, and also that an introduction means more there than here, as the introducer is regarded as to a certain extent responsible morally for the business deportment of his friend.

It is worth while observing (and this is the exception referred to above) that in certain instances the methods pursued in American stock exchange houses are the same as those obtaining in London. Little as the fact is known, it is not an infrequent custom for very wealthy speculators to have no fixed margin or even no margin at all with their brokers.

If a man of this sort loses on a commitment he sends his broker a check for the loss; if he wins his brokers remit to him for his gains. The broker dislikes to offend a very powerful client by troubling him for funds and hence takes risks with his account which he would not dream of taking with the account of smaller men. Instances of this sort sometimes become public in cases where the broker is forced into bankruptcy, whether owing to this cause or not.

COL. ROOSEVELT IN THE JUNGLE.

Former President examining a rifle preparatory to entering the jungle for rhinoceri. The picture was taken by Cherry Kearton, the famous photographer of animal life, who has just left New York to return to Africa and spend another few weeks before the former President starts for home. The picture is one of the first to be published in the United States of Col. Roosevelt amid African scenes.